

THE ARENA

EDITED BY B. O. FLOWER

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satisfaction at the utter confusion into which Endicott was thrown. The latter immediately released the jailed Quakers in America, and for the first time in American history true liberty of conscience reigned.

Such was the first victory of this sect, and in all their later troubles, as they were attacked time and again, they invariably won by passive resistance. The Quaker was the embodiment of modern culture cropping out two hundred years ahead of its time. They stood for everything that is held to be best to-day. They believed in simplicity of life, in the Bible, in Christianity. They held that a man and woman should be devout or good every day. They believed in the political equality of all men. They held that every citizen had a right to his religious opinions. They denounced slavery in 1660. They held up war, the killing of man, as an evidence of barbarism. In fact, to obtain an idea of the belief of the little-understood Quaker, as his enemies called him, it is only necessary to select to-day the best in life and religion as held

and believed by the greatest number of Christians, and that will be the belief of the Quaker.

If this is true, why is it that the Quakers are dying out? The old meeting-houses are not used in many places; membership if not falling off, is just holding its own, and the question is whether the Quaker is to pass, live or die. There is hardly an old family in America to-day that is not allied to them, and no people are held in such esteem. Their gentle lives stand forth in the bright light of history, and if the Quaker shall pass it will be a reflection upon the times. The peculiar dress of the Friends may pass away with the present generation, but it is believed that the sect will live, as all along the line efforts are being made to create new interests; and it is hoped that a sect that filled so important a niche in the history of America, a denomination that stood for all that is best in the twentieth century two hundred years ago, will live long to witness its triumphs.

CHARLES F. HOLDER.

Pasadena, Cal.

RYAN WALKER: A CARTOONIST OF SOCIAL PROTEST.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I. THE MEN AND IDEALS THAT MOVE CIVILIZATION UPWARD.

WE THINK it is safe to say that the majority of our young men at some periods in youth are profoundly stirred by moral enthusiasm. They come under the magic spell of the ideal. The divinity resident in the soul, or as Epictetus would have expressed it, "the God within," is awakened and calls for recognition. At such moments the good, the noble and the true appeal to the inner vision in a compelling way, and the spiritual eye catches a glimpse of Justice in her peerless glory and of the broad

spirit of altruistic love which is all-compelling and all-exalting in its influence over the higher and finer sides of life. At such moments one feels something of what Shelley felt when from the fullness of his soul he cried:

"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power, for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check."

These are supreme and crucial moments in the life of youth—moments when the divine essence in our being struggles for mastery; but unhappily for civilization and the elevation and



Photo. by Pach Bros., New York.

RYAN WALKER

happiness of the race, few as yet there be who are wise and strong enough to make the great renunciation,—the renunciation of the lower for the higher, which alone can lift the soul into *rapport* with the cosmic intelligences that are working for the supremacy of the eternal moral verities—for the establishment of justice, freedom, brotherhood, peace and equity on earth. Few indeed are they to whom the vision of the ideal is sufficiently compelling to make them so indifferent to personal ease, fame, fortune and life itself that they unhesitatingly place the cause of justice and human rights, or the weal of all, above every consideration of self. Few are great enough to make the choice that lifts the soul to the peerage of the immortals who have helped the world onward.



Ryan Walker, in *The Comrade*.

THE SOWER.

Few are they who are willing to find life by losing it, to accept as a divine truth the words of the great Galilean, when he said: "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it"; or again: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Yet in the realm of the Higher Law we believe that there is no profounder truth than that implied in these declarations. He who places higher value on personal ease and the gratification of the sensuous life than upon the demands and needs of those who are under the wheel and are vainly crying for justice, he who elects to attain power, fame, gold, position or worldly success rather than be loyal to the high demands of the moral order—the divine ideal of truth, justice and human brotherhood for which Jesus stood, will shrivel, dwarf and imperil his spiritual being or higher nature while living this little moth-like or adder-like existence, which at best is fleeting as the passing days; and when



Ryan Walker, in *Broekton (Mass.) Enterprise*.

THE ACCIDENT OF BIRTH.



Ryan Walker, in *New York Times*.

"THE ANNEKER'LL GIT YOU EF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT."

the august summons comes, he leaves behind him no "trailing clouds of glory," no benignant influence, fair as the parting smile of a summer day. He goes, and is forever forgotten, unless he leaves behind an immortality of infamy. He has allowed the sordid and the selfish to choke the divine and the enduring. He has sought to save and gratify the fleeting whims of his little physical being at the expense of his real or soul-life. He has been untrue to the eternal fundamental law of solidarity, and he has lost where he might have splendidly won.

Yet it is not altogether strange that so few of our young men and women respond to the bugle-call from the heights, for church, home and school have concerned themselves far too little with the inculcation of fundamental morality and the development of the passion for justice, truth and the rights of others, or the maturing of full-orbed character, while a thousand influences are conspiring to lure the young from the heights, a thousand voices plead with them to shun

the rugged peaks that seem to promise so little and that demand so many sacrifices at the outset. A thousand voices cry, "Conform!" and in this chorus too often are heard the voices of church, of home and of school. The glory-bathed peaks of the eternal ever glisten far above the struggling millions in the broad valleys and the few who essay the toilsome paths up the slopes. Moreover, the way is steep. It is strewn with shards and fringed with brambles; while below are the broad and fruitful plains, laden with food and rich in glittering baubles for those who in the mad race thither first win entrance and who possess the strength to hold and further acquire. Yet the victories of the world on the moral plane, which contribute to permanent civilization, the happiness, prosperity and elevation of the race, have been won by the few who have chosen the upward path, who have placed the cause of all or the cause of justice, truth and brotherhood above all other considerations, and who, turning a deaf ear to



Ryan Walker, in *New York Times*.

LITTLE SAMMY—"Please, Mr. Santa, you are leaving me a lot of presents I do n't want."

the sophistries of sordid, selfish and sensuous influences, have fastened their eyes on the ideal and have bowed unquestioningly to duty's august demands, even though knowing that the path led to the prison and the hemlock, to Calvary or the stake, to confiscation of property, the impoverishment of the loved ones, imprisonment and death. The immortal ones to whom the world owes her greatest debt have been the chosen few who have followed the ideal, reckless of thought of self.

When Eliot, Hampden and Pym made their splendid stand for human rights and the liberty of future generations they knew full well that the probabilities

were that the Tower and dishonorable death lay before them; yet they faltered not, and through their superb courage, their power and their inspiring examples they won priceless blessings and helped to lay broad and deep the foundation principles of popular government.

It was this spirit of loyalty to the Higher Law that led Patrick Henry to utter those words that thrill us even to-day—words which imperilled his life, yet which were the source of unfailing inspiration to the struggling patriots in the darkest hours that preceded the foundation of our nation. It was loyalty to the cause of freedom that compelled Thomas Jefferson to write his *Summary View*,

Ryan Walker, in *The Comrade*.

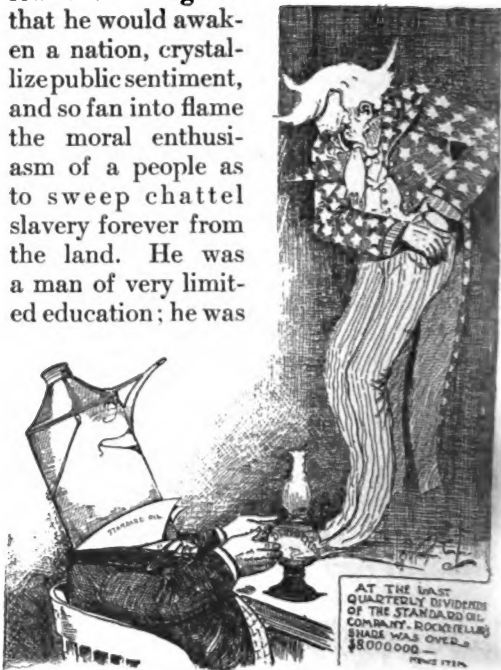
NO RACE-SUICIDE HERE.

which electrified the American colonies and made thousands of friends for the cause of liberty in England, though it also caused the name of the intrepid patriot to be placed on the list of those whom the Crown proposed to punish for high treason. It was this loyalty to the august demands of human right and justice that made Samuel Adams and John Hancock such towers of strength to the cause of democracy, and led despotism to single them out as the two New Englanders to whom no pardon would be granted.

And so at every crucial moment in the advance of civilization the forlorn hope of humanity has rested with the few who have dared to lose their lives that all might be made the happier, who have placed the cause of justice, right and truth, or the interest of the oppressed, above all thought of self. Sometimes they have been men of high position and great influence; not unfrequently they have been poor and unlettered; often they have not known where to lay their heads; usually they have been held

beneath contempt when their lives or freedom have not been sought by the powerful, the rich and the popular who occupied so large a place in their little orbits for a few years, but whose very names were soon forgotten, while those of the moral heroes—men who placed principle and the interests of others before concern for self—live on and on in the heart of love of the ages.

It is to the young men chiefly that a nation or a civilization must turn in its crucial hours, and happy that people who possess a goodly number of youths of the moral stamina of which heroes are made. A few single-hearted, well-balanced and disinterested natures can rescue a nation, even when its face seems set toward the night; and usually the men who achieve the greatest victories for enduring civilization are those of whom society takes little account. When William Lloyd Garrison, poor and lonely, began the publication of *The Liberator*, few men imagined that he would awaken a nation, crystalize public sentiment, and so fan into flame the moral enthusiasm of a people as to sweep chattel slavery forever from the land. He was a man of very limited education; he was

Ryan Walker, in *The Comrade*.

THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP.

A very modern version of an old story.

extremely poor; he had no social position or business prestige; but he had moral enthusiasm and strength of conviction, and he had made the great renunciation—the renunciation of all that was alluring for his physical being that life held, in order to be absolutely true to the moral ideal that claimed him as its apostle. And therefore the obscure young man who had consecrated his life to a great cause became one of the mightiest moral forces of the New World.

To-day America calls as she has called but twice before in her history for the union of brain and heart under the mastership of the moral ideals that are the bed-rock of justice,—for young men and women who shall consecrate life's richest gifts and sacrifice all if need be for the advancement of the ideal of human brotherhood and for the furtherance of the basic principle of free institutions—equality of opportunities and of rights for all. We are in the midst of a period of unparalleled reaction from the ideals and principles that made the republic the ethical leader among the nations of earth—the greatest of all moral powers in the world. On every side we are hearing to-day precisely the same sophistries as those advanced by the apologists for



Ryan Walker, in *Nashville American*.

LITTLE SAMMY—"Dadburn! You not only slide down on my sled, but you make me pull you up hill again."

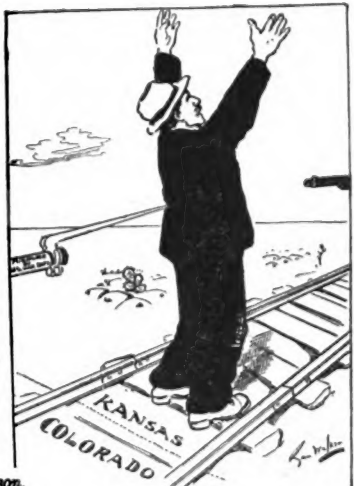
King George III. and his despotic acts, that were vigorously combatted by Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Henry, Hancock and other leaders of the Revolution, and on every hand we see the interests of classes placed above the interests of the people. Just legislation is thwarted or emasculated when it runs counter to the



A COLORADO MONSTER.



"TO HELL WITH THE CONSTITUTION."



DEPORTED.

A SOCIALISTIC VIEW OF THE COLORADO SITUATION.

interests of the immensely powerful trusts, corporations or predatory bands. Even laws which are enacted for the protection and relief of the people are evaded with impunity. Political parties have become the slaves of partisan machines controlled by unscrupulous bosses, who in turn are subservient to the corporations, the great trust-magnates and the Wall-street gamblers. On every side sordid wealth and materialistic commercialism are arrogantly setting aside and sneering at the fundamental demands of democracy and the inherent rights of the people. The present, therefore, calls for men of strong moral fiber to do yeoman's service for the cause of pure democracy. It demands the consecration of heart and brain, of body and soul, to the highest interests of justice and human rights. Happily on every hand young men are again coming to the front, brave, fearless and loyal. True, their number as yet is small, but the need and the growing



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

CAPITAL—"Yes, my son, our giant is angry. He does not like the whip I have been whipping him with. He is going to strike."

But do n't be alarmed. All I have to do is to change myself into a federal judge, and hand this piece of paper to him, and if he should n't get right down on his knees the taxpayers will furnish us with soldiers to shoot him."

appreciation of that need will, we believe, cause a steady augmentation in their numbers.

II. A CARTOONIST DOMINATED BY MORAL IDEALS.

Among those who are thus pledged to the cause of Democracy are to be found men of letters, artists, journalists and statesmen, and it will be the purpose of **THE ARENA** to present from time to time pen-pictures of these men of our new age. In this paper we desire to notice the career or rather the work of one of America's popular newspaper cartoonists who belongs to those who place principle above policy and whose passion for human rights and the social and economic emancipation of the wage-workers of the world is an overmastering influence in life.



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

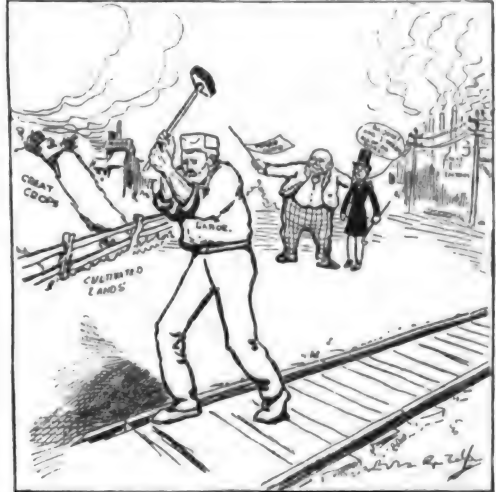
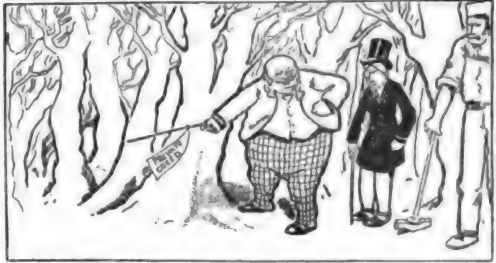
"Yes," said the Ogre to his son, "I have a most wonderful magician in that shop there. He produces everything that the heart can desire and the brain imagine. Then I take all he produces and sell it, and, as the beautiful picture will show, I divide this wealth with him. Being a very shrewd Ogre, my son, I manage to get his share also."

"Now, my son, it's your business to keep this wonderful producer working for you when I die."

"But suppose he won't work," said the son.

"Oh, get out one of those United States injunctions and make him," smiled the Ogre.

Ryan Walker, like the late Thomas Nast, like Dan. Beard and Homer Davenport, is never so strong as when exposing some crime against society or some wrong against human rights. Everything that smacks of injustice or despotism, or corruption or reaction, is his legitimate prey; and though his pictures (largely because he draws so much and is taxed to the limit of his powers) are valuable for their thought-compelling power rather than for their artistic execution, frequently being little more than outline drawings, they possess that moral quality which made the poetry of Whittier so powerful during the anti-slavery crusade. Whittier's meter was often deplorably lame, but his poems were instinct with that moral enthusiasm and noble purpose which speak to the



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

Once the Ogre and his son were in a great forest. The son said: "How wild and desolate it is here." But the Ogre said: "Never fear, my son. I have my wand, and our Slave will change this forest into cultivated lands, teeming with crops. He will open mines for us, build great cities and factories, and make railroads for you to inherit, you who have never soiled your hands with work. Our Slave does all this for the poor board and clothes I give him."

divine in man and compel a recognition of the priority of moral excellence over selfish expediency and slothful opportunism. Had Ryan Walker the technical skill and artistic finish of the great Socialist artist and cartoonist of England, Walter Crane, he would, we think, stand without a peer among our great present-day progressive American cartoonists, for the work of few of our young men is more thought-stimulating or instinct with imaginative quality than is his.

Since his early boyhood he has been busy attempting to express the multitudinous thoughts which flood his mind, by means of the artist's pencil. When only thirteen years of age he submitted two sketches to *Judge*. The drawings

"My son," said the modern Ogre, "with this wand, from behind yonder rock of poverty, I can produce young girls for your lust, who will sell their bodies for bread. Have no fear of our Giant. They are his daughters, but he can do nothing so long as I touch him with this wand."



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

The Ogre's daughter drew her dainty skirts about her and said: "I do n't like to come in contact with such loathsome creatures as the workers."

Then her Papa waved his little wand and said: "Behold, my daughter, how I change these people you loathe into beautiful bargains for you to select from and to adorn your precious, perfumed person with."

were crude, but the ideas were recognized by the editors as possessing real value. Zimmerman re-drew these pictures, using one as a double-page cartoon and the other as a back page cartoon, and the young artist received a check for fifteen dollars for his ideas, while Mr. Gillam wrote him urging him to stick to cartoon work.

After completing his schooling, Mr. Walker spent much of his time in manual labor, while as occasion offered he cultivated his artistic powers. In recent years his services as a cartoonist have been more and more in demand. From early boyhood he has been profoundly interested in social and economic reform work and has been an intelligent agitator for a juster economic order. Like Charles Dickens, having personally known what poverty was, he has been

able to fully sympathize with the poor, and he has beheld with increasing apprehension the steady and alarmingly rapid increase in the acquisition and control of the sources of wealth, by privileged interests and predatory wealth. His keen vision early led him to see that class-legislation, monopoly-rights and other forms of privilege bestowed upon small classes, must inevitably result in giving to the favored few advantages not unlike those that long held the masses of wealth-creators in vassalage through the fiction of "divine-right" and the assumption of superiority advanced by hereditary aristocracies, against which



Ryan Walker, in *Fairy Stories from Real Life*.

"Labor thinks he can frighten us, and imagines he will amount to something, my beloved son in whom I am well pleased. But if you notice, this little wand will fill up any old landscape with soldiers, deputies, police and scabs in short order, who will obey my every command and become human machines."

the great revolutionary epoch was a profound protest. He saw plainly that when the rich treasure-house of nature, essential to the very life of the children of earth—the land with its multitudinous mineral resources—was seized and monopolized by the few, the many were placed at a cruel disadvantage—a disadvantage that virtually amounted to a form of slavery, because they were made dependent on the few who possessed these common gifts of the common Father to His common children. He also saw that when, through legal privilege the few were enabled to control the great arterial and circulatory system in the social organism, another class of masters was formed whose power would enable them to levy unjust tribute upon the people, and that through these two privileged classes the work of monopoly could be carried on until the consuming and producing millions would be placed more and more at the mercy of the privileged few, and an aristocracy of wealth, having power equal to or greater than the feudal lords of the Middle Ages, would find expression in the New World, where under the mask of a republic privileged classes would again become the real masters of the millions.

The more he investigated our present social conditions, and the more he pondered upon the perils of democracy, the more he came to see that the cure for the evils that confronted free government was more justice and greater freedom—freedom from class-rule and the domination of privilege, the extension of government in the interests of all the people and under a purely democratic régime. He felt that the key-note of present-day civilization was union or coöperation, and that the old competitive order was as impossible for the future as it had been wasteful and war-breeding in spirit. He believed that the great question before popular government was whether the union or coöperation that was inevitable should be that of all the people for the mutual benefit, enrichment and happiness

of all, along the lines of fundamental justice and equity—a union that would result in the supplementing of political emancipation with economic emancipation, or whether the union or combination should be that of the shrewd and unscrupulous few for the mastership, exploitation and spoliation of the millions. On this point he recently said:

“My aim, hope and life-work is the betterment of my brother man. Nothing else counts. I believe the present economic system is cruel, unjust and essentially wrong, and wrong is wrong, no matter how it may be disguised; and I believe that the wrong is to be combatted whenever and wherever it is found. I am a Socialist because I believe that Socialism will lead to the development of the greater self, to the out-blossoming of all that is finest and highest in the individual life, and that it will secure for all the people a measure of prosperity, happiness and freedom to grow and enjoy that to-day is the heritage of but a few. I have been actively interested in social agitation since I was a boy, and I shall continue to battle as long as I live.”

Now in those words, we think, is found the key-note of the character of Ryan Walker. He belongs to that small band who in every age have furthered civilization because they have placed the cause above all thought of self.

Mr. Walker is, we believe, the only Socialist among the American cartoonists. Much of his work, however, appears in Republican and Democratic papers. His most finished drawings have appeared in *Life*, *St. Nicholas* and *The Bookman*, among weekly and monthly publications, and he has contributed numerous drawings to such great dailies as the *New York Times*, the *New York Mail and Express*, the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, the *Kansas City Times*, the *St. Louis Republic* and the *Boston Globe*. He also contributes a great number of cartoons to the International Newspaper Syndicate of Baltimore and to the Newspaper



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

V. In this Social Hell men, women and children were forced for their bread into occupations that meant their death, miserably.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

VI. Outlined on a background of stygian black, I beheld and understood the Perils of a Working Girl.



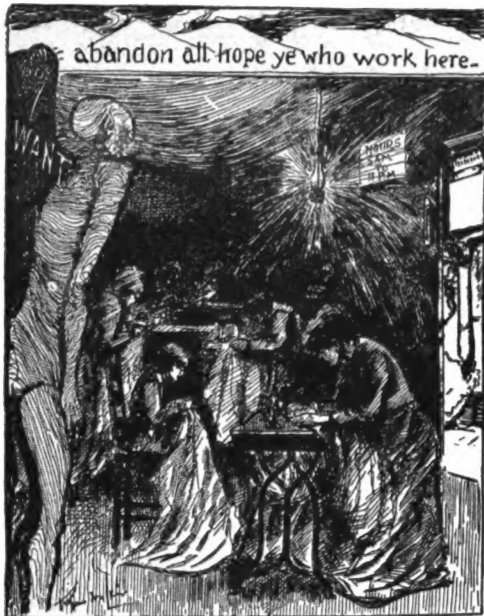
Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

VII. In the bowels of the earth, men toiled for the Coal Demon, and the little he paid them they gave back to him for provisions and clothes and house-rent. He made the consumer bring him vast quantities of Money for the coal these men produced. It never occurs to the miner and the consumer that they (society) should own the coal mine.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

VIII. There was fuel for the use of all the world, and the helpless and the poor froze. There were provisions enough for all—and the poor starved. There were houses enough for all, and the poor lived in hovels or in tenements.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

IX. In this dismal hell was another part, more dismal than all the rest. Rich men who had old and horrible houses rented them as tenements. In these houses the great demon, Want, had his Sweat-Shops, where hungry Labor toiled for a starving pittance, making goods for Bargain Sales, making goods for Exclusive Stores, where my Lady goes to buy. Disease and Woe went forth with every garment.

Enterprise Association of Cleveland. It is, however, among the Socialist papers that one finds his most telling cartoons. He has contributed largely as a labor of love to many of these papers.

III. CARTOONS THAT UNMASK DESPOTISM AND INJUSTICE.

Despotism and injustice the world over are favorite subjects for Mr. Walker. He exposes in a striking manner the essential absurdity and criminality of the "divine-right" idea and the idea that dollars or might make right. Among his cartoons relating to Russian despotism is one, recently published, that in a few lines carries a great thought home to the mind—a picture that is one of those silent but potent forces that undermine thrones and overthrow hoary wrongs. It represents the Czar, the weak, arrogant autocrat of Russia, whose hands have recently been stained with the blood

of innocent and starving men, women and children. He is seated in comfort before a glowing fire, while underneath is another picture showing a vast plain of desolation wrapped in a shroud of snow. A flag indicates the place as Port Arthur. In the foreground is seen the skeleton of a Russian soldier, one of the tens of thousands slain through the criminal rapacity of the Russian autocracy. Underneath the cartoon appear the words: "The Accident of Birth."

A few years ago, when the Russian church sought to weaken Tolstoi's influence by excommunicating him, it was rumored that the Czar had determined to banish the great writer. At that time Mr. Walker drew a striking cartoon representing Tolstoi as a sower, scattering broadcast the seeds of liberty, and calling upon himself the venom of the despotic church and the equally despotic government. These pictures are typical of our artist's methods in handling world-themes.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

X. Then Taxpayer came by with hideous War on his shoulders. The demon waved the flag of "Patriotism" and the sword of Conquest, and mankind formed vast armies, and followed and slew one another. The greater the murder done, the greater the general who claimed the glory.

In the New York *Times* have appeared some of his best cartoons. Two of these we give in this issue, one entitled "The Annexer'll Git You ef You Do n't Watch Out," and the other representing the Republican party in the rôle of Santa Claus, to the great distress of Little Sammy.

An exceptionally excellent cartoon appeared in *The Comrade* and was suggested by a newspaper item announcing that at the last quarterly dividend of the Standard Oil Company, John D. Rockefeller's share was \$8,000,000. This cartoon is entitled "The Slave of the Lamp, a Very Modern Version of an Old Story," and shows in striking symbolism how the people of the United States are being bled of their wealth to swell the overflowing coffers of the few men who have by various means—not unfrequently by force and fraud—acquired a practical monopoly of God's great gift to all the people, but which in the hands of these few has been used to extort immense sums from the people and to debauch the public servants.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

XII. On every hand were great granaries filled with grain, great packing-houses filled with meat, and great mills filled with flour, and in the Valley of Starvation lay the rotting skulls of the multitude.



Ryan Walker, in *The Social Hell*.

XI. In this Social Hell was a great juggler—employed by the Master of the place. It was his duty to entertain and delude Labor, while Capital stole away Labor's rights and what he produced.

Another excellent cartoon was suggested by Mr. Roosevelt's solicitude about race-suicide. In it the President suddenly encounters the Grand Old Party, with her numerous brood of trusts. It is entitled "No Race-Suicide Here."

In a recent number of the *Nashville American* appeared an admirable cartoon representing Uncle Sam as a little boy, compelled to drag his sled, on which is seated the ponderous bulk of the Trusts, up the hill of High Cost of Living. Underneath appears these words, uttered by Little Sammy: "Dadburn! You not only slide down on my sled, but you make me pull you up hill again."

The Colorado outrages, under the Peabody-Bell régime, called forth some of Mr. Walker's most powerful cartoons in outline drawing. No more flagrant outrages, in our judgment, have been perpetrated against the constitutional rights of individuals or the fundamental principles of free government than were

certain acts for which the governor and adjutant-general were responsible. It will be remembered that when Adjutant-General Bell, whose brutality to the toilers was only equaled by his subserviency to the Mine Owners' Association was charged with committing unconstitutional acts, he profanely exclaimed: "To h—— with the Constitution!" Seldom, we think, has a cartoonist better symbolized the type of man which Bell's words and actions indicate him to be than has Mr. Walker in his cartoon of Bell. Among the unconstitutional acts, it will be remembered, was the virtual breaking up of the court by the soldiers, the wholesale arrest of men charged with no crime, and their incarceration for weeks and months without the semblance of a trial in the Bull Pen. And these outrages were supplemented by the wholesale arrest of innocent persons, charged with no crime whatever, but who were forcibly taken from their homes to the borders of the state and forbidden to return, the soldiers carrying guns furnished by the United States government. The picture of an American citizen, charged with no crime, thus deported at the point of the bayonet, forms the subject of another admirable

cartoon by Ryan Walker which is well calculated to arouse the industrial millions of America to the peril of the present capitalistic aggression.

The most effective of all Mr. Walker's Socialistic and reform propaganda cartoons are two series, one entitled "Fairy Stories from Real Life," and the other depicting scenes in "The Social Hell" of the present day. We reproduce six of the "Fairy Stories from Real Life," with foot-notes descriptive of each picture. They are cartoons that are well calculated to make the slowest-thinking of our people awaken to the palpable iniquity and inequity of our present-day economic system.

In his "Shadows of the Social Hell" our author describes in a series of striking pictures the most vivid impressions of scenes which were borne in upon his consciousness as he journeyed through civilization's inferno. We give our readers twelve miniature reproductions of these cartoons, with explanatory foot-notes.

Such are some of the typical examples of the work of this young cartoonist, who as yet is only approaching the threshold of manhood's prime.

B. O. FLOWER.

Boston, Mass.

THE SECOND GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN AUTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY IN THE REPUBLIC.

By E. P. POWELL,

Author of Nullification and Secession in the United States, Our Heredity from God, etc.

THE SECOND struggle to deprive the common people of control over their own affairs began immediately after the war of 1812-14. The close of that war found New England transformed, from being almost entirely agricultural, into a community of manufactures. The people had run their mills and filled their stores with products on war-prices; and if foreign competition were suddenly let

in, they would be undersold. Their cry for help filled the land. The response was generous. The Southern and Middle States agreed to a tariff that should bar out foreign competition and retain the home-market at higher prices than would otherwise prevail. This was the real beginning of protection as an American working principle. It was nowhere recognized as a permanent affair, but as a